

My Little Pony™



STRANGE TIMES IN PONY LAND



Strange Times in Pony Land

Nobody seems to know what time it is in Pony Land. Whatever is the matter?

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IN PONY LAND



Lemon Drop looked around the new jumping course she'd made and whinnied loudly. "Happy hooves! This is the best one I've made yet." She hurried into the Show Stable to get her stop watch, calling to Brandy on her way.



“Wait a minute,” shouted Brandy. “I want to look at the jumps.”

“Look at them later!” Lemon Drop said impatiently. “I want you to time me while I test the course. I want to make a really fast time.”

Brandy hurried over to the starting point and took the stop watch from Lemon Drop. "Ready . . . go!" he called, and started the timer.

Lemon Drop cantered to the first jump and sailed over it, high in the air. "Pony feathers, that is a high one!" she thought.





Just then Peachy and Twinkles arrived. "Where is everyone?" asked Peachy. "Time seems to have flown today. I was surprised when I saw that it was eleven o'clock and time for the Jumping Contest."

Brandy didn't answer for he was looking at the stop watch in astonishment. "Not even Lemon Drop can go this fast," he muttered.



“Peachy said time had flown,” laughed Twinkles, “and it’s still flying. You must have done something wrong, Brandy. Just look at the timer whizzing round.”

“Did I make a fast time?” panted Lemon Drop, looking over Brandy’s shoulder. “Brandy! What have you done to the stop watch?”

“Here comes Bow Tie with the rosettes,” said Peachy. “She hasn’t made many.”

“I’m sorry I’m late,” called Bow Tie. “I can’t think how I took so long to make these rosettes. I meant to make lots more.”





“We might not need any rosettes,” snorted Lemon Drop. “Brandy seems to have done something strange to the stop watch. We won’t be able to judge the fastest pony. And what do you mean, you’re sorry you’re late, Bow Tie? It doesn’t start until eleven o’clock.”

“Here come the others,” said Peachy.

"It isn't over, is it?" asked Firefly, double looping down to the ground. "I had no idea it was half past twelve. I've missed my lunch."

"What is the matter with you all?" said Lemon Drop. "It can't be nine o'clock yet."

"Something strange has happened to the stop watch," said Brandy. "Will you take it to the clock mender, Firefly?"



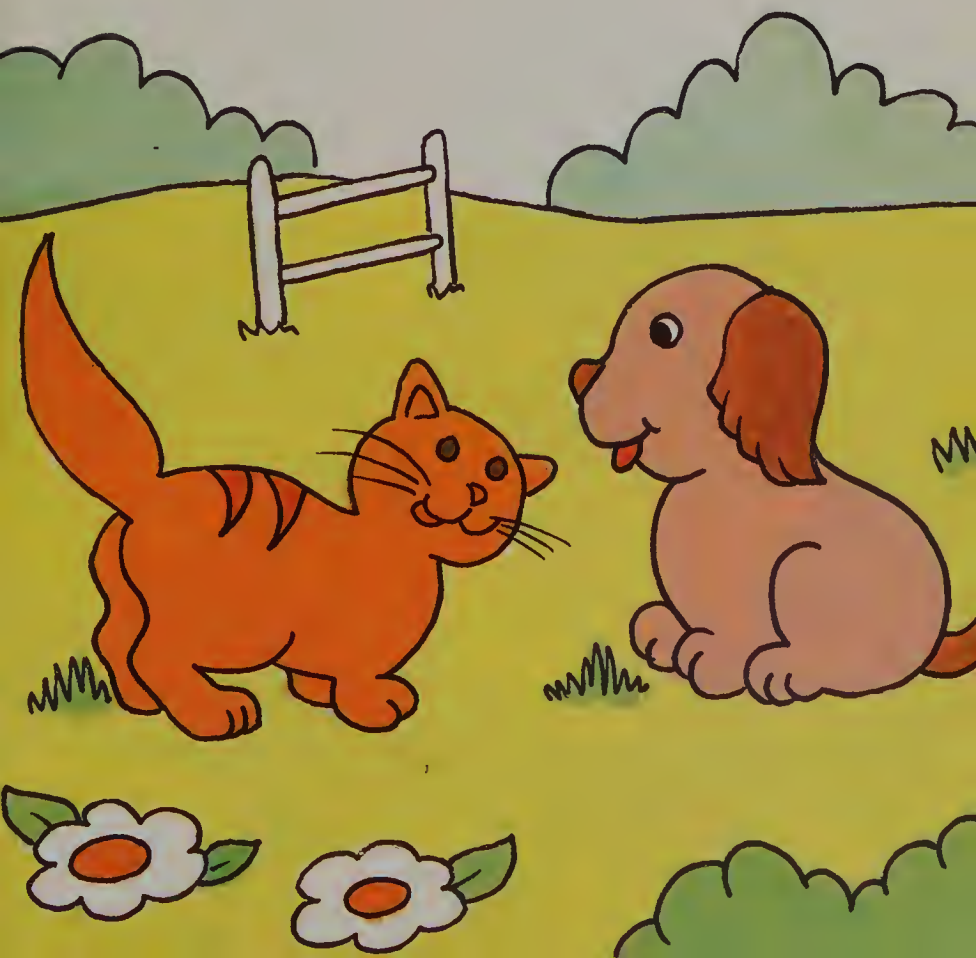


“Something strange must have happened to all the watches and clocks if you think it’s time for the Jumping Contest,” sighed Lemon Drop. “You’d better collect them all, Firefly, and take them to the clock mender.”

The little ponies hurried away to fetch their clocks and watches. Lemon Drop tossed her mane, then cantered round the paddock.

"She's upset because nobody has admired her jumping course," said Brandy. "And she really has worked hard."

"It is a good one," replied Twinkles. "I'm sure they'll tell her when they get time."



Soon, Firefly was racing across the sky carrying a basket with the clocks and watches in. The clock mender's shop was in a small clearing in the woods. Firefly nearly dropped the basket when she arrived . . .





There was a noisy crowd outside the shop, all waving clocks and watches. The clock mender stood in the doorway, stroking his long grey beard and shaking his head.



"I tell you I can't mend your clocks and watches," he shouted. "All my clock parts have disappeared. Even my own clocks are behaving strangely. Just listen!"

"And look!" cried one of the pixies at the front of the crowd.

Behind the clock mender, clocks of all shapes and sizes were moving around, bits and pieces dropping off them and rolling away. The clocks and watches in Firefly's basket struggled to get out.

"Pony feathers," moaned Firefly, dropping the basket.



Catching the wind, Firefly called, "Carry me back to the Show Stable!"

But the wind carried her deeper into the woods and blew her down into a small dell. Firefly could hear laughing and giggling, chiming and ringing. Then something flew past her ear. "Cuckoo, cuckoo!" it cried.





The noise seemed to be coming from behind a bank of bluebells. Flying just above the flowers, Firefly made her way quietly to the top of the bank.

“Make it twelve o’clock again,” cried a funny little voice. “That makes the best noise of all.”

Three baby pixies were dancing around a most peculiar figure.

“Do ten o’clock next,” laughed one of the pixies.

“Oh no!” gasped Firefly, from the top of the bank. “They’ve captured the Time Keeper and stuck spare clock and watch parts all over him. No wonder we’ve been having such a strange time.”



Firefly raced across the sky faster than ever before. When she reached the clearing in the woods, she did a double double backward loop and landed in front of the clock mender.

“Strange times, wrong chimes!” moaned the clock mender. “Whatever can I do?”





“Clock mender!” called Firefly loudly, for the bells and chimes from the shop were very loud.

“Clock mender! Listen, I know what’s wrong.”

Quickly, Firefly told him about the baby pixies and the Time Keeper.



“Oh, why didn’t I think of that before?” shouted the clock mender, jumping up. “Of course the Time Keeper can’t keep time if he’s got all my spare parts – they’ll muddle him up. Wait there, I’ll get my magic magnet.”

In no time at all, hundreds of clock parts flew through the air and attached themselves to the magic magnet. Then the Time Keeper arrived, followed by the three baby pixies.

“Thank goodness,” he panted. “Now I can go and keep time again.”

And as he disappeared, the clocks went back to the right time and to their right places.





"We didn't mean to be naughty," whispered the smallest pixie. "We just came to borrow a wheel part to make a roundabout . . ."

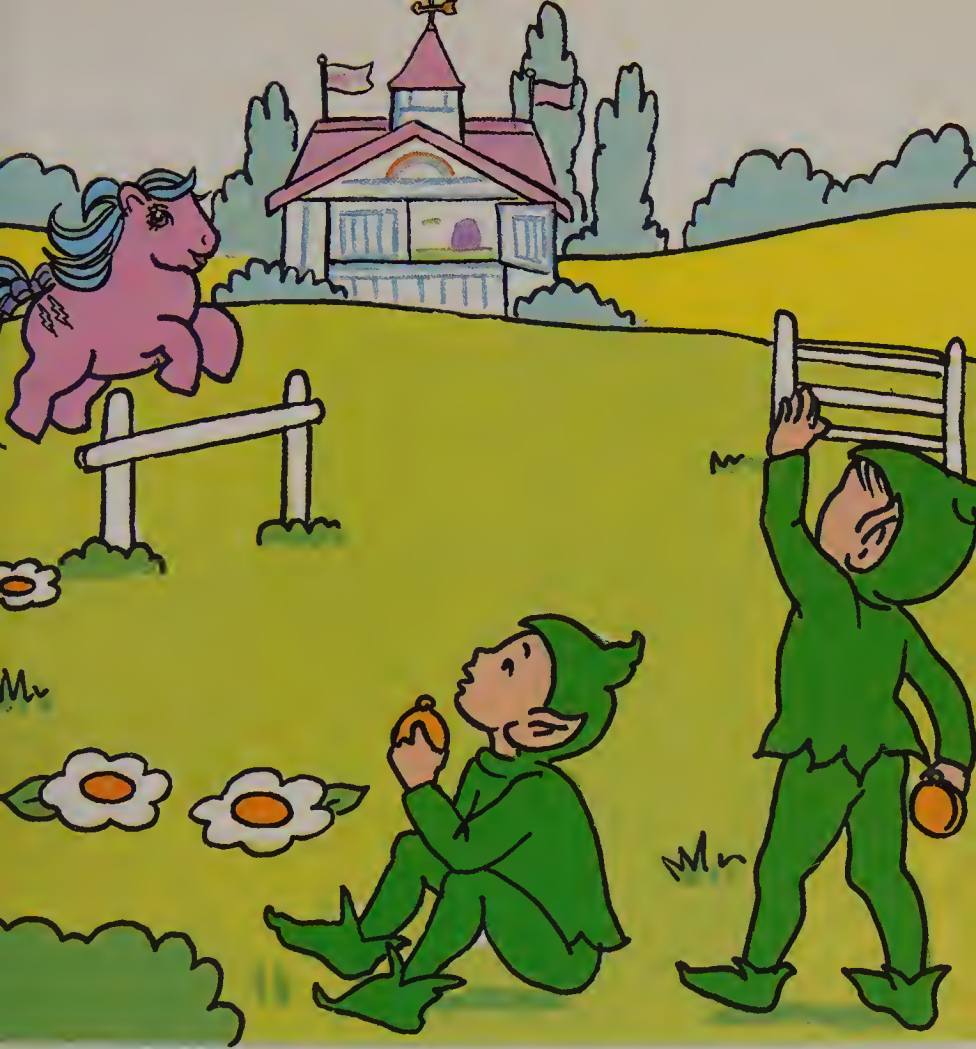
"And the Time Keeper jumped out of a big clock," said the second pixie. "We were frightened and threw all the spare parts at him."

"Then he chased us to the dell, telling different times all the time," the third pixie said as he hid behind Firefly.

“Don’t be cross with them,” laughed Firefly. “They just like telling the time. I’ll take them with me and they can time our Jumping Contest.”

The little ponies were surprised when Firefly told them what had happened. Lemon Drop whinnied in delight as the three baby pixies admired her new course.





The Jumping Contest started. Each baby pixie held a stop watch. How they shouted when it was Firefly's turn. They did want her to win. "We could make strange times again," laughed one of them.

"We don't need to," said another. "Firefly went so fast, no other pony could go faster."

And all the little ponies agreed!



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